

Of Juri the Holy

The tale of Juri the Holy begins on the deep woods of Siberia. Born to an orthodox, well educated father, well versed in the teachings of Rosu, young Juri had a joyful childhood. Until the age of twelve he had not encountered the apocryphal hypothesis or any problem NP-hard.



In his late teens he met a band of travelers claiming to bear the word of a religious figure by the name of Nerich Matteo. The young mind was stricken with lust for power and glory, tempted by the fragrant almonds brought by the pilgrims. A chasm formed in his mind, driving him ever closer to insanity or eternal sanctuary from the harsh realities of the occult, therein combinatorics practiced by his bloodline.

On his deathbed, Juri's eyes lit up, and a wind blew the door of his cottage open. The priest who was at the site to give Jurij his last blessings, yelled out that the spirits of madness had broken free, that Nerich had claimed yet another sacred soul. Indeed, it is said that the ghost of Juri still wanders the riverlands of Borisoglebskii, ever trapped in those Dictum Borders.

TMHS